OTTA TALKS OF EARLY DAYS AMID THE SCENES OF HER FIRST SUCCESSES.

attle Comedienne of Long Ago Is in California for a Visit-She Tells of the Times When She Played

One Night Stands in the Rough Mining Camps, and When, in Following the Trail, She Wore Boy's Clothes, So That She Might Have No Skirts Over Which to Trip.

EN FOR THE SUNDAY REPUBLIC. Ticket 216" and many another thrillthe good old days, is revisiting Callthe scene of her first triumphs. She landscape from a palace car ere, a suburb of San Fran dit is there that she is enjoying Califora's fairy summer. New York, the home
I her retirement, is fairly forgotten in
I light was in her heyday about the same
I living presence of fragrant biossoms, time that Maggie Mitchell was playing

Lotta is still a fascinating personality, in spite of her 53 years, or because of them; and she is still Lotta—otherwise Miss Crabtree. Her face is that of the well-prethe landscape she saw first as a served woman of 40, who has retained the baby soubrette of comedies like "The comedienne in the era when acceled over the mining camp circuits which made success easy for her at the were anybody to play them. And she cites ack. She owns a country place very outset of her career. Gathering years re, a suburb of San Francisco, have spared the slender waist, the wellturned foot, the spry movement and the golden red fluffiness of her hair.

Lotta was in her heyday about the same

MISS EDNA DWYER ROSS OF BRENHAM, TEX.,

tional Encampment at Memphis.

Delet-of the Transmississippi Department, United Sons of Confederate Veterans, for the Na-

pure air and the altitude of the Golden | "Fanchon, the Cricket." Both "Fanchon" and "Pawn 210," as veteran professionals love to call the plays, are still on the road, but their usefulness is limited to the townhall village. Lotta herself says fashion doesn't make actors or actresses, and that the current success of Blanche Bates in "Under Two Fiags."

She is still all action and movement, and in recalling the story of her life over the footlights talks with smiles and frowns and hands as well as voice.

"I was taught to sing and dance by an comic gift at the bottom. I am past my Italian who had come out to California in the rush of the gold fever. I was born in the East, but my parents came West when I was a little thing, and when gold was discovered Mrs. Crabtree, my mother, was keeping a boarding-house at Rabbit Creek, mining town.

"This Italian arrived in the first stampede, and he brought a carpet bag of air castles with him. They toppled over as soon as he set them up, and he had to fall back upon his music for a living.

"He was full of it, like many of his race and he had the knack of teaching. He got up an orchestra and led it, and when he found that I had some talent in that line he offered to give me lessons. It didn't take me long to learn enough to amuse my goodnatured audiences, and I guess Lotta was always a star. Even when I was a tiny youngster I was the 'leading lady' of a stock company.

"For a long time I knew more about onenight stands in the little mining camps than I did about swell engagements in big cities. That came later. My training was barnstorming. We used to put up at campe and give performances in a tent or cabin-blanket shows, they are called now.

"I was just 8 when I started in as an amateur in 'Fetalume.' At 12 I was heading a company of my own. I was a seasone success and rich, thanks to my mother, be

otlights, I remember that some Mexicans in one of the Sierra camps threw their hats at me as though I were a builfighter, and one man in the same place threw me his jackknife. It was so funny that I stood still and laughed. "And how I used to work! That was

what saved me from going the way of the infant phenomenon and spoiling when I grew up. Work, work-and I loved it. When I was not learning and rehearsing was on the trail or the road going from place to place. In lots of places there were not even stage lines, and I had to travel on horseback, dressed in boy's clothes You see, I was the goose that laid the golden eggs in our family, and if a skirt caught and I was hurt, there was an end of the family income for a time. "I believe that up to the time that I came

of age I had spent more of my professiona career in the saddle than on the stage. "My mother has always insisted that I never afterwards acted so well as I did in those days. I have often regretted that the kinetoscope had not been invented then, so that I could see myself now as others saw me then. Perhaps mother is right. I had my gift, and it was bigger

than any art that I could learn.'

"And that gift was—"
"The gift of comedy, the knack of mak-If you are trying to be a comedian, the comic gift is at the bottom of it—the foundation—and you can pile all sorts of art on top of it, but without it you are never going to show over the crowd. They call Coquelin a great artist but his art would friendship.

General Harrison, with a few friends, was hunting in the northern part of the State, and stopped with an old farmer, who, while he paid a great deal of attention to the future President and well-known statesman, seemed to regard him in the light of pure democracy as a mere equal, and for whom General Harrison showed the greatest friendship.

not be worth a cent if he did not have the 1 to be worth more than s comic gift at the bottom. I am past my stage days, my dear, and I can talk about my career freely. That was all that I had, except a bit of good looks, and that was enough."

"Even after I gave up being a majeta."

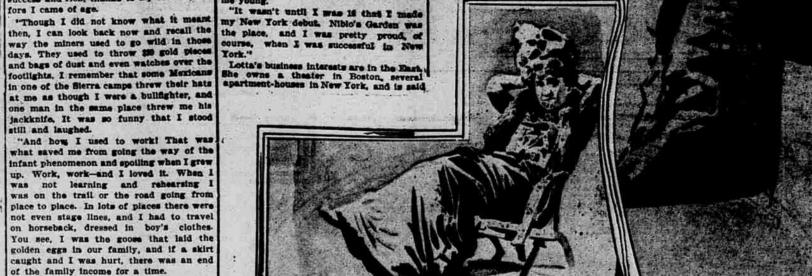
If the beautiful being the music, pets and painting, and when asked if she has retired for all time she replies by saying that her property keeps her busy and that she is happy in having given up the grind while still young enough to enjoy

"Even after I gave up being a variety performer and took to real plays I saw plenty of 'opery-house' travel. I remember one performance of "The Little De tective" that was given in a place that contained just one of these 'opery-houses' In that play, I, as a detective, hunted down a murderer. The poor herofne had been done to death, and it was my business to do the villian in the same manner In a thrilling climax the dead body of the lady in question floated across a watery background. Which was supposed to satisfy the audience as to what became of her.

"The trick of the thing was that she something of a success from the first. At reposed very comfortably on a sofa rolled any rate, I am proud of one thing—I was across the stage by a man with a rope. reposed very comfortably on a sofa rolled But on this awful night I mention it was discovered at the last minute that there wasn't a foot of rope in the theater. Properties and property men were not perfected then as now. Shows were more impromptu. So as I stood upon the stage imagine my feelings when I heard the 'dead' lady shriek: 'How dare you grab my ankle? You are pulling it! I'll tell my hus-

"Well, I just had to stop and laugh, Or course, the audience did, too. Might as well, when you can't cover up a thing I like to laugh, anyway. That's what keeps

me young.
"It wasn't until I was if that I me



I HAD TO STOP

_ AND LAUGH"

IAM PROUD

THAT I WAS

ALWAYS A STAR

GENERAL HARRISON AS A "DOG" LAWYER.

A good story of General Harrison is one that he used to relate as a joke on himself,

The farmer, as it happened, had for some time been engaged in a controversy with a neighbor in regard to a dog, whose sheep-killing propensities had often caused the old man considerable worry, and the animal's depredations at last brought his owner into a lawsuit. The trial was set down for a hearing while General Harrison was in the neighborhood, and the farmer, understanding that his visitor was considered one of the best lawyers in the country, begged him to take up the case. General Harrison consented and drove over to the nearest town the next day with the farmer. caught the jury, which return the favor of the farmer was at the result of the suit. "T thought you was a presenting while General Harrison was in the next day with the farmer.

IAM HAPPY IN HAVING

GIVEN UP THE GRIND

YEARS FOR RACHEL. M HOW JACOB SERVED S A STORY OF VIRGINIA, TOLD BY A BLACK VIRGINIAN.

THE LAURA FITZHUGH PRESTON.

LIAURA FITZHUGH PRESTON.
TYPE FOR THE SUNDAY REPUBLIC.
Incle Bob," called Miss Lucy, on the
sten of the old man's daily visit to the
brown," "come into the garden with
white I look after my roses."
It into the warm winter sunshine they
sel; pretty trim Lucy and gaunt, tottercel Uncle Bob, bent with the weight of
old century, and well nigh fallen under
increasing presence of the new.
In old man looked around over the green
of lawn, the magnificent water oaks
integration that shaded the broad avety the gate, and the roses. Roses
cyulars: growing sociably in groups
stilly apart, blooming rict over trellines,
and werandss and holding high-carnival

Lesy ran lither and thither with substing sciency.

Inner, "Uncle Bob remarked, following a filter Lacy as well as his old legs at less are well as his old legs at less are with her young filting, "I ame you, didn't I, bout my wearin's craps on my hat, an goin' in mohnin's water foh de Queen, Isn't I?"

In the old man removed his antiquated awar and ingured coressingly the rusty of craps that adorned the crown.

It yes, Unicle Bob, you did; also, you as make lovely things about the set Walow valt over here, somewhere a when you and grandpa were on the affice to meat His Royal Highness, on scension of his visit to Richmond, and a lovely lady dropped a rose over a my, and how it left the Prince, 'ker a his royal face; and how that was introduced to His Royal Highness, being called by him the 'Virginia rose,' had that name ever after; and how, had he hands and amiling will, but a little moisture dimming her bright that lovely indy was my own dear well, and I hamer you for soing into ming for the Queen for six weeks; don't That T To that young man who sudposed on the scene; hands in and whisting, so usual.

The yea, "any swarered Toin, shaking a cardially with old Uncle Bob, alle he has seen his familiar 'isage 'any, since his estiling' recollection, we share; on his daily pilgripance from your and 'isage gates," up to the "big late Bob, alle he has seen his familiar 'isage 'any, since his estiling' recollection, we share; on his daily pilgripance from your and 'isage gates," up to the "big late Bob, alle Bob, alle



"Ebery time Marse George come in, an' des frow his boots clean crost de flo', I des would pintally know dat Miss Dorothy Cyarter, on de neighborin' plantation, done bin floutin' him 'gin."

de neighborin' plantation, done bin floutin' him 'gin."

Tou oung mistress, in response to her eager the control of the contro

felt so'y foh her. She was fil foh de longes', and a drive would do her a world an 'neber see no pusson all dat time. Marse George des eat his heart out, an' walk de plazza t'well hit peah lak de bo'ds would drap froo, an' I 'spec' he ain' slep' none clean up to de fun'ral. But he ain' neber see her yet. She ain' lef' her room. An' all dat time he ain' sent her no message, case he was older at world dat time he ain' sent her no message, case des was sich a herseln 'tween' em that hit his misty, far-beeing old eyes, stroking one trembling hand softly down the back of the other in a reflective manner, while Hiss Dolly was a settin' in her pooty 'huresu-draw'r (I beliebe dat was what dey call dem little pariors in dem days) wid all for the leady and the an' sent her no message, case he was ober at Miss Dorothy's at de time, waitin' on her trembling hand softly down the back of the other in a reflective manner, while Hiss Dolly was a settin' in her pooty 'huresu-draw'r (I beliebe dat was what dey call dem little pariors in dem days) wid all for the leady and the an' sent her no message, case he was ober at Miss Dorothy's at de time, waitin' on her (an' Becky des lub de groun' 'leetle Miss Dolly was a settin' in her pooty 'huresu-draw'r (I beliebe dat was what dey call dem little pariors in dem days) wid all for the leady and the an' sent her no message, case he was ober at Miss Dorothy's at de time, waitin' on her (an' Becky des lub de groun' 'leetle Miss Dolly was a settin' in her pooty 'huresu-draw'r (I beliebe dat was what dey call dem little pariors in dem days) wid all for the sent and the dey wus sich a breech 'tween 'em that hit needed mo'h'n a wohd to heal. He went ovah to da house an' help wid de 'range-ments ob de fun'ral, but Miss Dorothy never seem to know dat, bein' as she so ill

in her room upstairs.

"An' all dat time dat no count gal, Becky, des play wid me lek a cat wid a mouse, an' ebery time I gits wid her she des tuhn off all my questions twell I des plum 'stracted,
An' go wid dat yallow nigger! I 'clar' to
gracious," said Uncle Rob, with rising resentment, "I 'spises a yaller nigger to dishs day, lek I does a yaller dorg.

he laugh an' it soun' mo ha'sh den I ever the heah Marse George laugh. No, mother; I'll go, certainly, and attend to Mrs. Carter's business, but as for any personal messages—there is Rgb; send them by him.

"Oh, George, ole Miss say, wid a kin' ob sob, 'how hard you are still on poor Dorothy. If you could but see her,' while ober Marse George face dere pass a 'spression ch turrible pain foh a minute, den he answer:

"I am not hard on her. I am sincerely grieved for her, God knows. But she does not love me—no'—as ole Miss start to bre'k n here. 'No, mother, you need say nothing,' and den he went on an' rant some

"Miss Dolly was a settin' in her pooty 'huregu-draw'r (I beliebe dat was what dey call dem little pariors in dem days) wid all her beau'ful hair hangin' ober her shoul'ers. an' Becky was des breahin' it out an' talkin' to her, an' tryin' to hearten' her up, when de serban' anyones 'Marson'. up, when de serbant announce, 'Marse George Fitshugh,' an' befo' Miss Dolly could eben stan' up, dere stood Marse George befo' her in de do'way, white an' strange lookin'.

"Honey," said Uncle Bob, breaking off in

an aggravating way, just at this crisis, to digress, "in dem days when dey was a fuse 'twixt young lovers, peoples was more per-verse in deir ways, an' habin' less freedom ob talk dan dev do in dese days, hit 'peahe

fix up Miss Dorothy and she an' Marse George go out foh a drive. Me an' ole Miss des wait at home an' 'bout dusk Marse George came in.

"'All right, George?" old Miss say, 'All right, mother, thank God,' Marse George say, klesing her on de cheek.

"Den I follow him up to his room, en' ax him: 'Marse George, please, sir, lemme dat moh'nin vell dat patch up de vied 'tween you an' Miss Dor'thy; I feels call on to use hit myss?" Marse George lar

on to use hit, myse'f!" Marse George larf t'will de tears came in his eyes, an' he

rilege to do so, but the end appears to justify the means; here it is, han'in me do vell roll up in paper. 'Miss Dolly seat in

back to mother."

"Miss Lucy," said Uncle Bob, is an important manner, "maybe you wouldn't b'lebe me, but I des frow dat veil ober my ahm an walk into Miss Rebecca's presente fo' my cou'age hab time to cool off.

"Miss Rebecca, I say, 'disha da moh'nia veil Marse George tuk to Miss Dolly disha evenin'.

evenin'.

"'Dat ain' no news to me,' Bocky say, tossin' dem plats ob her'o;

"'I now brings dat vell to you, Mise Rebecca,' I see, feeling de cou'ago trickin'

becca. I see, feeling de counge troud down my back.

"What in the name ob Jawd does you spone I wants wid a mon'nin' veil? Becky screeched out, in a kin' ob passion. You be des lek a ole ghoul!

"Wid dat I des pintally get so outfil an' fu'yous wid Becky dat I des froe dat will on the flo' an' mighty nigh stomp. It an' I loses my skeer ob her null to holies out:

on the flo' an' mighty nigh stomp on bit, an I loses my skeer ob her nuff to heller out:

"I did'n' 'spec' you hab eyes to see free a mile stone, but I did thought you hab sense 'nuff to see daylight free dishs well An' heah I ben servin foh you, den lek Marse Jacob serb foh Miss Rachel all desse heah yeaus!"

"'An' you kin des go on serben' de per de yo' life, et you keep on se'in' lek you him doin' ob late, an ain' got de spush ob a —' Becky matter out, an den ketch behan'? an' stop.

"Den I begins to see daylight; brow dat well, an' I answere Becky;

"' Spush!' Who say dat wold to mp? In det de quality what bin lacker all desse heah yeahs? Why. Secky, I des partally was a thinkin' dat de way to a westen's heart wus to serb foh heh, in paltenes, his larre Jacob do foh Miss Rachet, but I 'cler' to gracious I b'n fis'in' it toe healty wait no longer foh my answer. I done stop all dat sarbin' bis'riess; you heah me, der't you? 'An' I des tell you right heah, Boh, Becky say, an' she last twill we hod draps dat ar vell, an' begins to heich hole se each yother's han's.

"I' dee pintelly 'low dat I neber is gwine wait no seben yeahs fab de hes pusses dat wait, de face ob de yourth; Janob's a fool-seus me—kase he bis onch a corry covers.

"Total Miss Locy and Marse Tens are laughling so by this time that Uncie Boshy brows.)

"But I got to go, chile; deed I in New, via Unc: Bob cyant stay me longer. But I become in passes, an' total per all bennest him both in a corry covers."

"But I got to go, chile; deed I in New, via Unc: Bob cyant stay me longer. But I become in passes, an' total per all bennest him



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kinda talk 'bout Miss Dorothy neber hab tub him; dat she choose anudder in prefuse to hisse'f an' he warn' goin' to foce hisse'f in heh presumce an' add to de onhappinness she suffer'n' fo'm, by anything what would mek her be remin ob deir pus relations todes each yother. 'When dey has to meet,' he say, 'hit will be time 'null.'

"But dough he say all disha wid a mighty high sour, he sigh at de same time, an nistace look so haggard dat de tears dispintally run down ole Miss's face, an' she walk up to him an' put heh ahms roun his need as' kies him; den she say, 'Go, my son,' an' she add spung'in 'bout she know, he nat gwine retnes his ole mother request to ea'n, de well to Miss Derothy hisse' if om test, day she press the package in his him' as' so of quick to hell own room. Harre George stold an' athay for the long or, an' dan, all or a mother, he order his heres, an' creat limits, walk treath hit come or, an' dan, all or a mother, he order his heres, an' creat limits, walk treath hit come or, an' dan, all or a mother, he order his heres, an' creat limits, walk treath hit come.

"Oh, do go on, Uncle Bob," grouned Miss-Lucy.

"Wellem," resumed the story teller, "dere stood Marse George in de do way, white an strange lookin".

"Dorothy," he say, 'mother sends you, but he nebber got so tarder. Miss Dolly befo' she hab time to think, des de minute she set eyes on him, des runned up to him, an' he barely hab time to catich hab its his alma. She nessel helt pooty haid on his breast, des lik de dove comits had to de airk fom crost de wasty waters.

"George," she sigh, des les de general distriction of the come.

"Tweetheart," whitaper Marse George, after awhile, 'that blessel well.

"What vell, George,' haugh files Delfy, through her tears, at dea Sacky sigh his ay of he for yn' toh de fan Barky sigh his ay of he for yn' toh de fan Barky sigh his ay